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Buds of Promise

By

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BUDS OF PROMISE

BY
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TO MY DEAR AND HONORED
MOTHER
MY MOST GENTLE CRITIC
I DEDICATE
MY FIRST BOOK OF VERSE
P. R.

PREFACE

Dr. Johnson says there is no mercy for a book. This is true and in the superlative degree for the first book of a poet. Such books seem to be the special meat on which small critics gloat. Byron was quickened to action by such. Keats unjustly said to have been killed by it and Tennyson by the same means silenced for ten years. Such criticism is critical hydrophobia. Any person of wisdom and virtue must know that a first book will not only show the various limitations of personality and endowment but reasonably, naturally, and necessarily, it must show undevelopment and inexperience. It will show narrowness, disproportion, mannerisms, echoes and technical imperfections. These must be in any apprenticeship book. The real question should be, does this book reveal any of the essential qualities of poetry and offer any ground for hoping for a real contribution. In this first book I believe there are some real promises.

The most important quality here is the spiritual reality. This is not always regarded as such but it is the absolutely essential quality of poetry. This comes direct from the soul. It does not come from the head and is not doctored by the eye and ear. There is no sign of effort or strain, none of the cleverness or smartness that is so deadly, and no pretensions to talent or genius. It is a straight, honest, natural and direct utterance out of the heart and like all such realities, it has spontaneity and appeal. I do not see or feel a falsetto line or note in it. It is simple, sincere and vital. That cannot be a small virtue which is the very soul of all good poetry.

The thought qualities are not especially marked. This is not rich, passionate, original or creating. These could hardly be expected from a freshman school girl and from work written in her first teen years. Life, experience and growth will supply these later.

The most promising indication of this first book is along the line of beauty. There is here something of that light "in which all things work and move." There is something of grace, form, content, proportion, ideal relation, expression of inner being, glimpse of the divine or whatever else we may call beauty. The hard, rough, lean and gaunt touch is absent. The themes, treatment and expression rise up and fit into the finer senses of being. The "night songs" are evidence of this and some portion of these bear the genuine artistic stamp of nature on them. They are so above the common and have such a fine grace of soul that our esthetic sense is touched, awakened and led out to dream. Some of the smaller and commonplace subjects are redeemed and made significant by this quality. These approaches to and suggestion of the perfect that

constitute the beautiful are manifest here in parts, a few times in wholes, and clearly seem an index finger pointing to a better beauty in the future.

The sphere of the work need hardly be mentioned. It is between nature and the religious spirit. Her best productions are on these subjects. The former speaks for itself and a word on the latter may be in place. The teen life is generally regarded as religious, possessing the "reverence for the dreams of youth" but there are few old and still fewer young that are religious in this sense. This religious utterance is elemental, universal and so sane that it expresses the desire of life's higher and wisest spirits. "He Leadeth Me" is a hymn of such depth and reality that it can express the ripest and wisest of soul. Neither the experience or expression is common and both are genuine prophecies of a future still more excellent.

All lovers of poetry will wish that this young author will live and grow in the spirit of life, nature, literature and wisdom, which is ever religious. We welcome her to the fellowship of the poets. Poetry for the creators and appreciators is its own exceeding great reward even if we do experience another word of Dr. Johnson on the critic and life in general:

He judges the dead by their best
And those that are quick by their worst,
So these are immortal and blest
And these are forever more. . . .
David Chalmers Nimmo,
Detroit, 4-17-21.

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“Poetry was all written before time was, and whenever we are so finely organized that we can penetrate into that region where the air is music, we hear those primal warblings, and attempt to write them down, but we lose ever and anon a word, or a verse, and substitute something of our own, and thus miswrite the poem.”—*Emerson*.

WORDSWORTH

Thou mighty poet,
Nature's highest priest
Who, like a gleaming star
Rose from the glowing east
Clothed by the Muse in shining raiment bright,
Glowed in thy gentle breast
That fair celestial light!

Oh wondrous prophet; nature's bard sublime!
We hear thy echoing voice,
Through all the season's chime
In thy heavenly songs we feel
The inmost truths thou didst reveal
To waking hearts—through nature fair
Her heaven born gifts, so rich and rare.

O rapturous muse, with God thou didst commune,
The spirit of the universe
Thou wert with Him in tune—
The lifting power of thy strain
Renews our inmost strength again
To higher realms of poesy,
Thou leadst us, by thy minstrelsy.

Immortal poet, thy theme was all divine,
No tributes are too great
To place upon thy shrine
A messenger of truth, who stood
Above this world of strife
Inspired genius, unsurpassed,
A fountain pure of life.

NATURE

A falling star,
 A floating cloud.
A bird that sings
 Both clear and loud,
A dancing leaf,
 A drop of dew
A mossy bank
 A violet blue—
The sun, the moon,
 The azure sky,
The gusty breeze
 That hurries by,
The mead, the hill,
 The dimpling stream
All tell us of
 A power supreme—
The dawn of morn,
 The close of day,
The rainbow bright,
 The lambs at play;
These wondrous gifts
 Doth nature give,
To see, to know
 Them—is to live.

TO THE MOON

How silently, how silently,
The silvery moon doth glide
O'er Heaven's deep, while wee stars peep
And peer on every side.

How like a floating swan of white
The shining moon doth seem
While to and fro, with motion slow,
And peaceful as a dream.
She moves, that scarce a wave doth stir
Upon that sable sea.
As when in sleep, profound and deep
The earth-bound spirit free,
On quivering, throbbing wings of thought,
Doth rise to realms of light,
'Mid starry gleams and trailing beams,
To scale the topmost height.

Thou gliding phantom of the night
In spell of beauty bound,
A mystic beam, on night's still stream
In solemn splendor gown'd.

THE BROOK'S MELODY

Through a peaceful shady nook
Flows a little crystal brook,
Singing on its pebbled way
Songs of gladness night and day.

“I wreathe and whirl,
I laugh and sing
While flowing on my way;
I catch the yellow sunbeams
That on my waters play.”

Modest daisies on its brink
Bend their pretty heads to drink
Of the streamlet's waters fleet,
List'ning to its music sweet.

Through the leafy emerald trees
Whispers soft the passing breeze,
Or some magic spirite or dream
Murmurs to the answering stream.

Through the swaying branches stray
Little, fleeting sunbeams gay,
Kiss with golden lips the brook
Making bright the shady nook.

Sunbeams through the grasses peep
Waking violets from their sleep.
Softly calling: “Come, arise!
See thy kin in earth and skies!”

“I wreathe and whirl,
I laugh and sing
While flowing on my way;
I catch the yellow sunbeams
That on my waters play.”

NIGHT

Lo! I hear the footsteps light
Of the dim and shadowed night
Coming o'er the hills afar
Led by evening's cherished star.
Her darkened mantle fringed with light
Is decked with silvery stars most bright.
Oh listen to the singing sweet
As on she comes with velvet feet.
 "Rest little birds within your nest;
 Ye all are safe upon my breast!
 Sleep, blossoms, sleep, and let your dreams
 Be of the morning and its gleams!
 Peace mortals peace! Cease ye from strife
 And rest upon the heart of life!
Hark, hark unto the nightingale
Soft warbling in the woody vale!
To all around his leafy bower
He sings of that sustaining power,
The gentle Night who bringeth rest
To all the world and souls oppressed."

SO

A bird is winging its lonely flight,
Singing a song of sheer delight,
Filling the air with its notes of glee
'Till the very dreams come forth to see;
Higher and higher it soars from sight
As a pure soul wings from earth its flight.
Lost in the blue and a lyric bird
Is singing a song that was never heard;
So the poet sings. The immortal strain
Is life to those that on earth remain.

THE MOON

The moon glides o'er her airy floor
Like a lovely phantom bright.
The silver stars on the shaded bars,
Are prints of her footsteps light.

Like a glimmering ghost, with her starry host
She moves, with a measured pace
A vaporous cloud, her misty shroud,
She draws o'er her pale, pale face.

Like a cloistered nun when her prayers are done
She peers through the bars of night
Though the clouds may roll and obscure her soul
She floods soon the Heavens with light.

Like a changing spirite through the silent night
Now shining; then fading from view
For she hears the beat of the Morn's fair feet
As she comes through vapors of blue.

EVENING

Treading on the skirts of Day,
Evening comes, on feet of gray.
On her dusky brow doth wear
Her favorite shining jewel fair,
Her cherished star, her glowing gem,
Gleaming in her diadem.
Wrapped in her misty robe of gray,
She watches the angels take the day
And fly with it, over beyond the sea
To bury it deep in Eternity.

SLEEP

Come, blessed sleep,
Come, soothing sleep,
 The soul's sweet comforter ,
Come, Oh come, on footsteps light
Angel of the silent night!
I feel thy kiss upon my lips
I feel thy gentle finger tips
 Press lightly on my drooping lids
Thy loving arms about me twine
Great spirit of the night divine
O! wave thy opiate wand in air
And banish every grief and care.

SHADOWS

Shadows dancing, shadows flitting
O'er the mossy grass
Fairy phantom shapes entrancing
In fleeting glory pass.

Softly gliding, transient visions
On a glassy stream
Like dark birds on ripples riding
Their pilot a moon beam.

Trembling, quaking, shimmering shadows
Fall on Nature's breast
Downward mystic feathers shaking
From wings of angels blest.

Shadows flicker, shadows quiver
In the sunlight glowing
To and fro they sway and bicker
Then together flowing.

THE AFTERGLOW

The flaming sun has sunk to rest,
Its last beams quiver in the west
And touch with glory every crest.
Slowly its rosy gleams expire
Like dying notes on an angel's lyre
As downward sinks the day's desire.
Then across the west doth stream
A shining softer golden gleam
As if some trembling tearful dream
Desired and reached a sudden hand
And bade the softer beauty stand
And feed the heart of all her band.
It stood, it glowed, it fed the heart.
The twilight dream did slow depart.

OCTOBER AGAIN

Once again I am returning
 Garbed in robe of clearest blue;
Once again my amber tresses
 Freely flow with mellowing hue.

Once again the flowers sadden
 As I strip each gold clad tree
Color bright, then droop and wither
 As their finer spirits flee.

Once again the pale leaf blushes
 As I whisper words of love.
Colors as a lovely maiden
 To a lover far above.

Once again my harp aeolian
 Plays a soft and tender strain
Once again the red leaves dancing
 Call: "October's come again."

Once again I bring the harvest
 With its sheaves and golden days.
Orchard trees and fields are laden
 In the mellow ripening haze.

Once again God's precious songsters
 Warble sweet, their fond adieu;
Once again they're flying southward
 Through the skies of cloudless blue.

NATURE'S LIFE

There's a palpitating rapture
In the throbbing heart of Nature
That fills and thrills my being
With its magic, magic lore,
For in its rythmic panting
There lies a spell enchanting
That folds and holds my Spirit
In its Life forevermore.

Mystic is the occult treasure
Bound within its lyric measure,
Gowned and crowned with song intrinsic
Wrapped in meaning esoteric
Like a wave upon the ocean
Is its rhythmic, rhyming motion
Rushing, gushing, waking, breaking
Forth, in living, tilting lyric.

Oh! immortal Muse, e'er glowing
With the light of Fancy flowing
Sweeping, leaping, with a passion
That doth fill me more and more
With an infinite desire
For a hope that doth inspire
That answers to the Spirit
Of old Nature and her lore.

THE EVENING STAR

Star light, star bright
Shining in the vault of night
Like an angel's watchful eye
Peering downward from on high
To see if all is well on earth.

Fair star, rare star
Hanging from an ebon bar
Like a blossom white suspended
From a bough of leaves that's bended
With the beauty of its flower.

Jewel fair, jewel rare
Trembling in the lucid air
Like a silver ornament
Basking with a calm content
Glowing on a lady's gown.

Star shine, love sign
Beaming with a light divine
Decking like a tinselled gem
The queen of night's embroidered hem
Whose shadows trail into the west.

LONGINGS

Oh stars that shine,
Oh winds that blow,
Oh crystal streams
That murmur low!
Oh leaves that dance,
Oh blossoms fair,
Oh clouds that float
So high in air!
Oh birds that sing,
Oh waving trees,
Bright butterflies
And birds and bees!
Would that my heart
Could but express
Your passion, life
And loveliness!

MARCH

Howling March, with rapid pace,
Streaming hair and blustering pace,
Flinging measures loud and shrill,
Trav'ling over lake and hill;
Harbinger of gentle Spring
Calling her though rough you sing;
Bending boughs of leafless trees,
Rendering nature's harmonies
In mighty tones, in loud or low,
Anger, wrath or grief or woe.
Howling March so blustering loud
Life is bold and strong and proud
But within thy strife and noise
May is coming with her joys.

APRIL

In woven sunbeams April comes
Across the vernal hills
And all the earth with glory teems
While Nature's spirit thrills.

The heart of Nature leaps with cheer
For on the throbbing air
The songs of April she doth hear
Like birds at morning fair.

Then She—the maid of waking flowers
Soon doffs her golden shroud
And sheds her tears in breaking showers,
While passing through a cloud.

Oh! budding trees, and winding streams
Oh! April skies of blue
Flooding our hearts with springtime dreams
Making our lives anew.

MAY

The trailing garments of the May
Are fringed with fragrant flowers
Violets blue, and cowslips gay
Bestowed by April's showers.

May wears a glowing diadem
Decked with many a dewy gem,
Her feet have touched the valleys fair
And left their rosy imprint there.

Where e'er May treads, there daisies spring
And Love, the life of living things
So sweetly doth her praises sing
In stir of leaves, and fluttering wings.

Oh! Nymphs and satyrs, dance and sway,
And play your pipes to greet the May
She comes in panoply of gold
While children bright, her train uphold.

JUNE

Welcome fair and lovely June,
Smiling brightly, skipping lightly
Over grassy meadows green.
Flowers bringing, sweetly singing
Smiling on this beauteous scene.

Glad birds greet thee, trilling sweetly
Joyous notes so clear and free.
A mantle green so soft serene
Hangs with beauty on each tree.
The happy brides, the lovers' prides
Now are full eclipsed by thee.

While June will reign her emerald train
Is fringed with roses red.
A coronet rare of lilies fair
Adorns her queenly head.
Rich robed in gold and raiment green
June cometh to be wed.

SPRING TIME

'Tis springtime on the hillside
Where young lambs frisk in glee,
'Tis springtime in the budding wood
And on the greening lea.

'Tis springtime in the meadows
Where modest daisies blow.
In garden and on purpling heath
Where gorse and heather grow.

'Tis springtime in the leafy wood,
And by the shimm'ring brook
Where shaded scented violets grow
Within the shadowed nook.

'Tis springtime in my soul to-day,
Where Hope and loving thoughts hold sway
When Youth and love are in the heart
'Tis Spring-time then, where e'er thou art.

INVITATION

The crimson leaves dance o'er the lea,
Singing a soft, sweet song to me.
This is the joyful lay they sing,
This is the message that they bring:

“Little maid, little maid
So beautiful and fair,
We pray thee come
And dance with us
O'er the meadows bare.

“Little maid, little maid
Come join our gleeful throng
Come skip with us
Come trip with us
And sing our happy song.”

“Oh! blushing leaves, that dance and play
Gladly I'll sing with you, your lay
I, in thought will join your band
And dance with you o'er the golden land.”
Oh, we mortals here who dwell
Thought bound in this earthly shell
Let the prisoned fancy free
Let it roam in ecstasy
Like the scarlet leaf so gay
Like the happy child at play.

NIGHT SOUL

In sable robe the pensive Night,
At her shining casement bright,
Like a cloistered nun doth stand,
Weaving with a mystic hand
A rosary, of starry light.

Holy, saintly spirit blest,
Moon beams cross her sacred breast,
On her veiled and drooping head
Their eternal beauty shed,
And lightly on her brow they rest.

Where the mellow tapers shine,
With a hallowed light divine,
There, the nun, on bended knee;
Before the shrine of mystery
Whispers loving prayers, benign.

And her prayers, like blossoms white
With the calmness of the night
Fall on hearts, that yearn and wait
'Till morn opes her glowing gate
And Light as Love bursts on the sight.

MORNING

I hear the airy tread of morn
As she with rosy finger tips
Touches light, the blossom's lips;
Bidding them to ope their eyes
And see the glistening dew that lies
Glittering on each blade of grass.

See how the lily, chaste and fair,
Up rears her chalice in the air
The drops of pearléd dew to hold
Gleaming bright as glittering gold;
A purity and beauty blest
That Nature brings for morning's breast.

Soaring birds are carolling clear
Welcoming notes of joy and cheer,
To greet the radiant morning;
She comes, she comes, the lovely maid
Like a blushing bride arrayed,
All earth she's now adorning.

MELODIES

How sweet are nature's melodies,
The silver stream that murmurs low,
The wanton winds that gently blow,
Playing among the leafy trees
Their sweet ethereal symphonies.
The birds that warble loud and clear
Their limpid, liquid notes of cheer.

The brooks, the breeze, the birds that sing
Their songs of welcome in the spring,
The day and night and seasons change
Fling melodies as on they range.
Oh songs of Nature chain the ear
And cleanse the heart and feed it cheer.

But life's unheard sweeter strains
Are nursed by nature's soft refrains.
From friends, from lovers and from souls
The richest, ripest music rolls.
When heav'n within ourselves we find
A heav'n of melodies unbind.

THE LILY

Virgin lily chaste and pure
Like a saintly nun demure
Who consecrates her life to God
Treading where His feet have trod.

Oh! fragrant lily sweet and fair,
Shedding incense on the air,
Wafted like a wingéd prayer
To Him—who holds thee in His care.

Like the Virgin fair thou art
Spotless soul and golden heart
Oh! place a lily on her shrine
In memory of her Son divine.

Sweet lily in thy beauty dressed
A purity supremely blest
Thy faith is in that power above
Who lives in thee, whose name is "Love."

THE SHEPHERDESS

Oh! lovely shepherdess so bright,
Tending thy flocks throughout the night—
O'er the deep blue fields of heaven
Thy silent, starry flocks are driven.

Outstretch thy shining crook on high,
Fair regent of the tranquil sky,
O'er thy herds that round thee play
'Till Dawn comes leading in the day.

Treading the hills with lightsome foot,
Calling with thy silver flute
Thy infant lambs into the fold
Ere Phoebus doth his gates unfold.

A VISION

Last night I dreamed a radiant dream
While stars were shining bright
And mute earth lay asleeping
'Neath the pale moon's glimmering light.

A fair celestial garden rare
And there an angel wrought
And in the flowers of his care
Breathed in his spirit's thought.

What panting passioned flowers grew
In that sweet sacred place
Our earth has never dreamed the dreams
Of their celestial grace.

Far, far more fair than lilies white
More lovely than the rose
Such odors, forms and colors bright
No earthly zephyr blows.

And thither came diviner birds
And softer vital airs
And in the dream I heard the words
That lifted off my cares.

Then all did vanish, all was fled,
As dreams fly with the night
But there was glory on my head
And in my heart delight.

POET SENSE

The poet, Nature's worshipper
Ever sees God's smiling face.
In the streamlets, in the flowers
He beholds His wondrous grace.

He hears a voice in accents tender
In low, soft winds that play,
Hears God speaking in the twilight
At the closing of the day.

He hears the birds, God's lower choir
Chant sweet their hymns of praise
And the poet's heart is lifted
For he understands their lays.

He sees God in the rainbow's glory
Glowing with His promise bright
Sees Him in the waking morning
When unfolds the new-born light.

He sees Him when dusk's curtains falling
And shadows fill the skies
When the last gold thread has faded
And the waning beauty dies.

"God is nature" sings the poet—
"God is love" and "God is all"—
If our hearts are wide and open
We shall feel and hear Him call.

YOUTH

Youth in her slender fingers white,
Holds fast with cherished fond delight
The rosy bud; that is to be
The flower of futurity.

Fair youth, with wide expectant eyes
Blue as summer's rifted skies
At her gilded casement stands
Waiting there with outstretched hands.

Gazing on the great wide world,
That hath to her its charms unfurled
The heart and soul of childhood teems
With radiant visions, hopeful dreams.

Throbbing life so warm and glowing
Through youth's pulsing being flowing
Kindling with a mystic fire
Youth's fond hopes and high desire.

THE FLOWER OF POESY

A heavenly flower, fragrant and rare,
 Blooms in my radiant dream garden fair,
A source of peace and joy to me,
 This tender flower of poesy.

From life's tempests e'er defended,
By white handed Hope attended,
Its petals fair, ope to the light
Holds in its heart a promise bright.

'Tis my aim in futurity,
 To pluck this flower of poesy,
Its hidden meaning I would find,
 Deep as the sea, strong as the wind.

Sweet blossom, let thy censer swing
 O'er the wide world its perfume fling
Filling all hearts, with calm content
 And be to me a sacrament.

A LULLABY

Dearest baby, close your eyes
And mother will sing sweet lullabies,
While o'er thy swaying cradle streams,
And glance and dance, the pale moonbeams.

The Lady Moon with stately step
Doth mount her lofty throne,
She sits a queen in bright array
To watch her starry zone.

Her silver mantle lightly falls
Upon the peaceful land.
She tends her bowers of silver flowers
With light and loving hand.

Each blossom is a thought of love
That rises as a prayer.
The Lady Moon doth weave them bright
In lovely garlands fair.

There are bright dreams and flowers sweet
Around the Lady Moon.
Now down to earth they're falling soft
And round thy cradle strewn.

Then dream my dear, dear baby
Of moonlight and of flowers,
Of morning and the warbling birds
In green and leafy bowers.

"THAT DAY"

That day like some departing guest
Slow lingered in the violet west,
Still gazing with reluctant sorrow
Upon the earth that waits the morrow.

That day, it wore a halo bright
And shimmering robes of rainbow light.
To her the joyous birds did sing
While lightly tripped the silver spring.

Blossoms curtsied in the breeze
That played ethereal symphonies,
While freely snowy cloud ships flew
Across the airy main of blue.

That day whose brow the poets dressed,
With living songs in splendor dressed,
Inspired muses sang her praise
In long undying lyric lays.

Oh happy day, thou must not die!
I cannot bid thy soul "Goodbye!"
The memory of thy smiling mien
Yet in my heart is sweet and green.

As fainter glowed the waning light
And nearer drew the black palled night
Days' spirit fair from earth did flee
To live on in eternity.

HEART WISHES

Oh that my heart were like a leaf
So flutt'ring light and gay!
Oh that my heart were as a bird
Singing its roundelay!

Oh that my heart were like a rose
Shedding its fragrance rare!
Oh that my heart were as a cloud
Upon the wings of air!

Oh that my heart were like the dew
That freshens each lowly flower!
Oh that my heart could comfort bring
To souls that strifes devour?

Oh that my heart like lilies fair
Were pure and spotless white!
Oh that my heart a fountain were,
Sweet singing day and night!

Oh that my heart were cleansed with fire
That Christ might enter in
And fill my soul with love's desire
And all of being win!

MY GRANDFATHER

As I sit with head reclining
Gazing on the embers bright
I acn see the snowy image
In the fitful ruddy light.

Memories fond and rich return
Of my childhood hours so dear
When I listened to his stories
And that voice again I hear.

Once again he's softly telling
Tales of knights and ladies fair,
Elfs and goblins, dwarfs and giants,
Princesses with golden hair.

Then I see that face so kindly
With its crown of silver hair,
And I see the love-light beaming
In his eyes so blue and fair.

Till I picture in the embers
Prancing steeds and warriors bold,
Ladies on their snow white palfreys
Crumbling castles famed of old.

Then my fair and transient vision
Slowly, slowly fades from sight
And my knights and ancient castles
Vanish in the fitful light.

Oft I see the honored parent
Who first taught me poet lore,
And he seems an ancient singer
In the golden days of yore.

THE FIELDS OF SLEEP

The Fields of Sleep, the Fields of Sleep,
O'er which the stars, in nights still deep
Their tender, silent vigils keep.

The Fields of Sleep, the Fields of Sleep
Where poppies nod on the dewy sod
And winds are singing sweet songs of God.

The Fields of Sleep, the Fields of Sleep
Where fairies white, out of moonbeams bright
Are wearing the radiant dreams of Night.

The Fields of Sleep, the Fields of Sleep
Where the seed of Peace is sown
With the Lily of Rest, folded close to the breast,
From the heart, all care hath flown.

Blest Fields of Sleep, blest Fields of Sleep
O'er which the stars in the nights still deep
Their tender, watchful vigils keep.

WESTERN WINDOWS

Gazing through the western windows
Toward the slow declining sun,
Its departing gleams of crimson
Tells another day is done.

Looking from the western windows,
As the sun sinks low to rest,
Flooding earth with beams of glory,
Gilding every mountain crest.

As I watch its dying splendor,
Fading slowly from my sight,
Gazing from the western windows
At the purpling, changing light.

Then my heart is filled with longing,
There to fly and seek for rest,
And to find my soul's desire
In the bosom of the west.

SPRINGTIME OVER THERE

When springtime cometh "Over There"
She decks the graves with blossoms fair,
Those mounds, beneath which heroes lie
Who, for their country's sake did die.

Covering with nodding poppies red,
Hue of the gallant blood they shed,
And modest daisies, snowy white,
That tell they fought for truth and right.

Spring strews the turf with violets blue
In memory of our brave and true—
They're woven in our banner free,
Those glowing radiant colors three.

The soft, sweet winds that hurry by,
The songbirds soaring in the sky,
Sing of fair spring, in vernal dress
Who comes, that hallowed spot to bless.

DREAMS

There are dreams that fill the fancy
 With visions bright and fair,
There are dreams of fame and riches,
 And dreams of beauties rare.

There are dreams of joy and gladness,
 And dreams of hope and love;
There are dreams of lofty genius
 Bestowed from Heaven above.

But the dreams that are the fairest,
 The dreams that comfort bring,
Is to dream of running brooklets,
 And the violet banks of Spring.

To dream of birds soft singing,
 And low winds love songs sweet,
And little glancing sunbeams
 That dance on golden feet;

Of the iris tinted rainbow,
 The odorous breath of flowers,
Of humming bees and butterflies,
 And sound of vernal showers.

Old nature has a bounty,
 Of power and change and schemes
But she's always overflowing
 With more than lover's dreams.

TO MY ANGEL

Sweet Guardian Angel, tender, mild,
Protect and guide thy wayward child!
Oh take me gently by the hand
And lead me to that heavenly land
Where sorrow ne'er can enter in
And all are free from guilt and sin.

Oh purest Angel, guardian dear,
Grant when I feel thy presence near
I may obey, as servant meek
Serve whom my fervent heart should seek!
Oh cleanse my heart from every sin
And let Thy presence enter in.

Dwell in me, guardian angel, dwell
And to my inmost spirit tell
The pure, divine and inner word
Like that "the two" so gracious stirred!
Still lead me, guardian spirit lead,
The way of life and love and mead.

TO A CHILD

Oh little child of tender years
Who treadeth not this vale of tears
But wide inviting paths of light
Where angels smile in gleaming white!

Within thy heart doth yet remain
Mem'ries from whence thy spirit came.
For thy swift careless motions free
Are gowned in sweet simplicity.

The heavenly things that round thee lie
Are imaged bright before thine eye,
Thine eye that can but only see
Reflections of the pure in thee.

God's perfect child, knows naught of fear!
Rests in that presence ever near!
And finds beneath the wings of love
A kind protection from above.

But yet we stumble through the night
Still crying morn's departing light,
The light that fainter still doth glow
As farther from our God we grow.

I WONDER

I wonder if the gleaming stars
That beam throughout the night
Are little fairies of the skies
In shining robes so white?

I wonder if they bring the dreams
The magic dreams so fair
That come to babes in "Rock-a-bye land"
When sweetly slumb'ring there?

I wonder if the woodland elves
Throughout the silent night
Paint and perfume the sleeping flowers
With soul and senses bright.

I wonder if on heav'n's blue lawn
The little cherubs fair
Together with the Christ child play
And love and serve Him there?

I wonder if when skies are gray
The sun has stayed in bed.
And raindrops are the sparkling tears
The baby angels shed?

WORD AND DESIRE

Words: They are but idle things,
That never can express
The inmost thoughts and feelings
That rise within the breast.

Words: So soon forgotten,
That fade away as dew
Lost as a singing bird
That soars in the cloudless blue.

O: If by words we could commune
With raptured spirits bright
Our longing souls we'd satisfy
E'er striving for the light.

O: For one glimpse of the vast unseen
That round about us lies.
O: To behold those spirits fair
Unseen to mortal eyes.

'Tis not in words, but in the loves
Where heart with heart doth meet
God needs not words to understand
Through Him all loves can greet.

PERCEPTION

The spirit eye can clearly see
Beyond the veils that round us be,
Can slow and certain penetrate
The darkness round our mortal state.

Earth state of mystery will unfold
New grace and glory yet untold
Beauties will rise upon the sight
Clad in their pure celestial light.

The purified with God commune
And all in Him keeps perfect tune.
The songs of spirits we can hear
Through love's immortal mind and ear.

Oh if we could but realize
The strength, the power, that in us lies
To higher levels we would rise
And souls and thoughts diviner prize.

Cast off the doubt of fear and night
And enter into Love and Light!
Within that love enlightened mind
The truth ye see, the souls ye find.

THE NEW YEAR

The sad bells are tolling
For the year that is dying—
For the old year, the Sere year
That's passing away;
The low winds are sighing
For the friend that is dying,
For the old friend, the true friend
That's dying to-day.

The glad bells are ringing,
A welcome they're singing
To the new year, the fair year,
So lovely and bright.
She comes, a fair maiden,
Her arms are o'erladen
With gifts, precious gifts,
Of Hope, Promise and Might.

The clear bells are pealing,
Their music is stealing
Deep into our hearts,
With a joy that's sublime
For the young year, the pure year,
The sweet, radiant New Year.
Then sing bells, then ring bells,
Your welcoming chime.

THE WINDS OF GOD

As I walk on Life's rough shore,
List'ning to the waters roar
The winds of God blow up to me
From far across that restless sea.

The winds of God around me blow
Whisp'ring in accents soft and low
Of that sacred isle afar
O'er which doth shine, Life's Beacon star.

A golden island of the blest,
Lies on the green sea's watery breast;
'Tis this haven in the sea
Of which God's voice is telling me.

Hush: Hush; the winds of God now die;
The island fades from off the eye,
A cloud of worldly dreams has crossed
And that fair island dream is lost.

Oh winds of God, oh winds divine
Without thy breath my soul would pine,
Oh whisper of that island far
And blow the clouds from off that star.

DREAMING

Dreaming alone while shadows are creeping
Over the earth that is silently sleeping
 The wandering wind in the tree tops high
 And a silver star in the tranquil sky
 Far draweth the heart from the world so nigh.

Musing alone in the twilight hour
How the soul will ope like a magic flower.
 A solemn communion with angels I hold
 Who hover around my altar of gold
 On gleaming wings that slowly unfold.

Dreaming, still dreaming of beautiful things
While deep in my heart a gentle voice sings
 Lulling and soothing my spirit to rest,
 Filling my heart with a joy unexpressed
 Like a messenger sent from the realms of the blest

O wondrous the thoughts that can rise in the mind
When spirit with spirit by love is combined!
 Then sorrow and sighing retreats to the side
 And glownig Hope through the portals doth glide
 An angel of earth, a Heavenly bride.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

Slumbering in the manger there
Lies the new born babe so fair;
Infant holy and divine,
Angels sing as round a shrine.

Virgin mother chaste and mild
Gazing on the new born child
With a mother's fervent love
Praising to the courts above.

Wrapped in garb of poor array
Hope within the manger lay
Crowned with gleaming halo bright
Emblem of that inward light.

Hark and hear the angels sing
Praises to our heavenly king!
Life today spreads over earth;
Love has had divinest birth.

BEHIND THE VEIL

Though dear earth friends, afar are flown
Communing silent and alone
They speak to us in tender tone,
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

When the weary mind's at rest,
They come to us from realms of blest
Their love for us still fills the breast,
Beyond the veil, beyond the veil.

In the serenity of Morn,
When the Angel of Light brings Day new born
If we listen, we shall hear,
Hear our loved one's voices dear,
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

In the day's slow waning light,
In the silence of the night,
If our faith is strong and deep
Our hearts, a pure, fair chalice keep,
Then we may see behind the veil,
Behind the veil.

A CHILD'S WISH

Oh! I wish I could sail in a fleecy cloud
Through the azure sky so clear,
I wish I could ride far away to the land
Of beautiful dreams, so dear.

I'd fill my arms with dream flowers bright
To bring to the slumbering babes at night;
Then a cradle I'd weave of moonbeams fair
For mother to rock her babe with care.

Then I would sail past these earthly bars
In my mystic boat so small
And gathering all the silvery stars
I'd gently let them fall,
Straight to the lap of Mother Earth,
To fill the children's hearts with mirth.

Then I would sail away to the sun,
And stealing lots of gold
I would carry back to earth with me
All that my arms could hold
And then to every mother and child
I'd be a fairy old.

THE EASTER ROSE.

Weeping 'neath the cypress tree
In the garden of Gethsemane;
The lonely Master knelt to pray
That the cup might pass away.

In that olive garden fair
A red rose grew; its fragrance rare
Was wafted on the balmy air,
To the Saviour, kneeling there—
Like a message from above
Sent by the tender hand of love.

“Oh! sweet Jesus, let me be
A heavenly comforter to Thee,”
Spake the rose with words of grace—
The Redeemer gazed on the flower's face.

From His deep soul there fell a tear,
On the crimson rose that blossomed near,
And, lo! in the morning's breaking light
Its scarlet petals were changed to white.

HE LEADETH ME

He leadeth me, He leadeth me
Where blossoms strew the way,
Along the path of light and life
Where hope and faith have sway.

With dews, shed from the wings of morn
He feeds my thirsting soul,
That follows where His Spirit leads
Unto love's shining goal.

The golden fruits of peace and joy
From life's immortal tree
Plucked by fair angel's tender hands
My dear Lord giveth me.

He walks in glory by my side
So what have I to fear?
When heaven's kiss is on my brow
And God's voice in my ear.

THE NOVICE

Gentle Novice, sweet and fair,
Free from sin and worldly care,
Leaving self to follow God,
Treading where His feet have trod.

Kneeling in the chapel there
Far from worldly pleasure's snare,
O'er and o'er her beads she tells
As with love her spirit swells.

For the gentle Master dear
To her heart doth bend His ear,
Knows her faith is strong and deep
And her life His law will keep.

Now the sun's last splendor steals
As the blue robed sister kneels
And its rays of gleaming red
Rest in blessing on her head.

EASTERN WINDOWS

Open wide the eastern windows!

Quaff the balmy air of morn
For the rainbow east's proclaiming
That another day is born!

Open wide the eastern windows,

Listen to the robin's song,
Heralding the waking morning,
Bidding thee be pure and strong.

Open wide the eastern windows!

Let the splendor vanquish night!
Look unto the glowing orient
Bursting forth in amber light!

Open wide the eastern windows!

Let the golden sunlight stream
On life's fears and foes and phantoms!
Shadows vanish at the gleam.

SOUL DESIRE.

Loving Father, tender Shepherd,
Listen to my humble prayer!
I am weak and I am wayward,
Keep me 'neath Thy Spirit's care.

Set me free from evil passions,
Guard me from all sense of sin,
Free my heart from doubt and darkness
That Thy love may enter in.

Keep me ever pure and spotless,
Sinless as a little child!
Lead me on to realms immortal
Through the world, but undefiled!

Shield me, guide me, and protect me!
Let me feel Thy inward grace,
Till within Thy radiant palace
I behold Thee face to face.

MORNING AFTER A STORM

The earth, refreshed by silver rain
Wraps its reviving form again
In trailing mantle gay
The raindrops sparkle in her hair
Like precious diamonds, rich and rare;
While laughing children at their play
Uphold her fringed train.

The lily, from her cup of gold
Quaffs the sparkling vintage cold
The fresh June rose, just newly blown
Scarce can raise its drooping head
For the kisses that are shed
On her damask cheek alone
By some mystic lover bold.

Aurora climbs her azure stair
Swinging her golden censer fair
O'er the greenery of earth
See, what gem like drops are shaken
On the buds that early waken
To the purple morning's birth
Pregnant with an odor rare.

THE ROSE THAT GROWS IN FLANDERS' FIELD

There is a flower, a beautiful flower,
A rose, with fragrance rare
Blooming on a hero's grave
In that stricken land "Over There."

Growing beside a lowly cross,
Adoring that emblem divine,
Watching sentinel of love,
Guarding that lonely shrine.

Sweet symbol of a mother's love
Tenderly guarding her boy,
Who gave his life for his country
To bring to the world peace and joy—

The crimson hue that the blossom yields
Blends with the blood of the battlefields
Of these fine lads, so bold and brave
Who died as Christ, the world to save.

Soaring birds trill joyous notes
While peace upon the breeze now floats;
Zephyrs whisper to honored dead
Sweet peace now reigns, cruel war has fled.

Oh! lovely rose, so sweet and fair
You waft a message on the air,
Bearing it to the hero's soul,
Who gave his life—and gained his goal.

THE LAMP OF SLUMBER

Come! Shadowy maid of sleep profound
And scatter drowsy poppies round
Those, who thy sweet name doth bless
While longing for thy soft caress.

How beautiful is Sleep!
Sweet sleep, that comes at dead of night,
Bearing the lamp of slumber light,
Whose quivering beams are shed afar,
Like meteors, from a glowing star.
She comes! the gentle angel sleep
In sacred, creeping, silence deep—
Decked is her brow with lilies fair,
Shedding their fragrance sweet and rare
As incense, from a censer swinging
Peace and rest to mortals bringing.

Nocturnal Goddess! in thine eyes
A tender brooding silence lies
Folding the world in fond embrace
The sad, sad world with its care worn face.

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